REVISED BY PHILIP PHILLIPS

MUSIC FOR THE NURSERY

BY VARIOUS COMPOSERS

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MUSIC

FOR

THE NURSERY.

REVISED

(FOR THE EDITORS OF THE "INFANT'S MAGAZINE")

BY

PHILIP PHILLIPS,

The "Singing Pilgrim."

LONDON:

S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co., 9, PATERNOSTER ROW.

TO

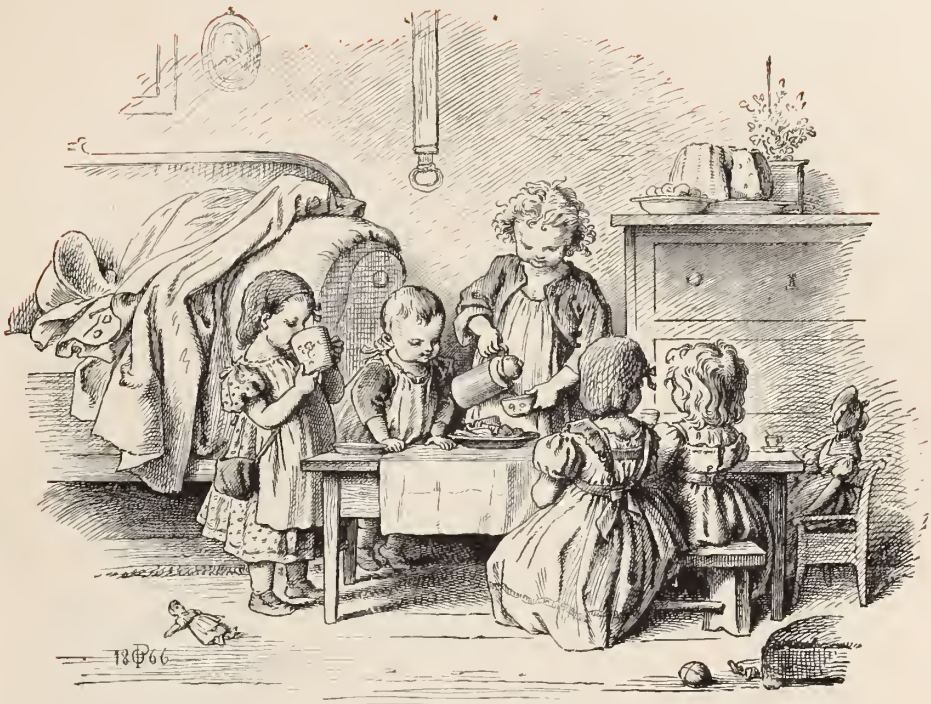
H. B.,

Through whose ardent love of Music we were induced to issue many of these pages for the instruction of

"THE LITTLE ONES,"

this compilation is gratefully dedicated by her obliged friends, The Editors of the "Infant's Magazine."

H. B.



THE NURSERY MUSICAL PARTY AT TEA.

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Music for the Nursery.—*No. 1.*

CRUMBS FOR THE ROBINS.

Gaily. By H. LAHEE.

Come hith - er, sweet ro - bins, and be not a -
- fraid, I would not hurt e - ven a fea - ther; . .
. . . . Come hi - ther, sweet ro - bins, and pick up some
bread, To feed you this ve - ry cold wea - ther . .

Music for the Nursery.—*No. 2.*

BOW-WOW-WOW!

Music by JAMES H. CROXALL.

Humorously.

Stacc. My dog, "Dash," is fond of fun,

2nd V.—Now he's near, now far a - way,

Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow. O, if you could see him run! Bow, wow,

Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow. Now he's roll - ing in the hay! Bow, wow,

wow, wow, wow; If you could hear his mer - ry bark, Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow,

wow, wow, wow. A merrier dog you ne'er did see, Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow. And

As he scampers through the park! Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow!

I love "Dash," and "Dash" loves me, Bow, wow, wow, wow, wow!

Here the Boys whistle, and the Girls either call the Dog's name, but all in strict time apparently looking for Doggie.

Bow, wow, bow, wow, wow!

* *In these places the notes need not be taken; the "Bark" may be prettily imitated in several tones.*

Music for the Nursery.—No. 3.

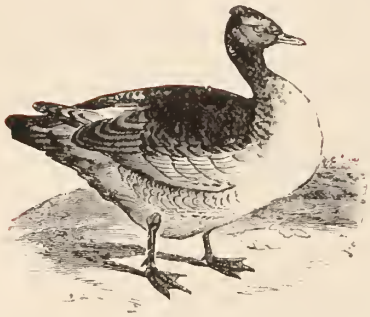
"SING, MAMMA, SING!"

H. LAHEE.

With spirit.

"Sing, mamma, sing," my sweet
lit - tle one cries, When first in the morn - ing she
o - pens her eyes; And soft - ly she press - es a kiss on my
brow, As she climbs on her pil - low with—"Sing, mamma, now."

Music for the Nursery.—No. 4.



GOOSEY, GOOSEY, GANDER.

T. CRAMPTON.

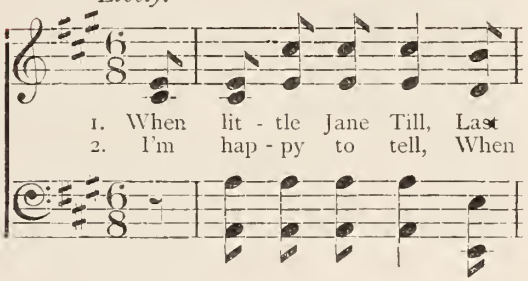
mf
Goos - ey, goos - ey, gan - der,
Tell me where you go . . . When the sun is shin - ing
And the spring winds blow? I go down the meadows, Where the daisies
p
p
grow; Down the sun - ny meadows, Where the streamlets flow.
f
f

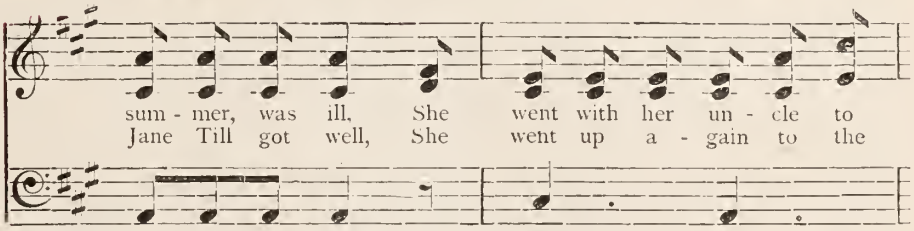
2. Goosey, goosey, gander,
Tell me what you do,
In the pleasant meadows
Wet with morning dew?

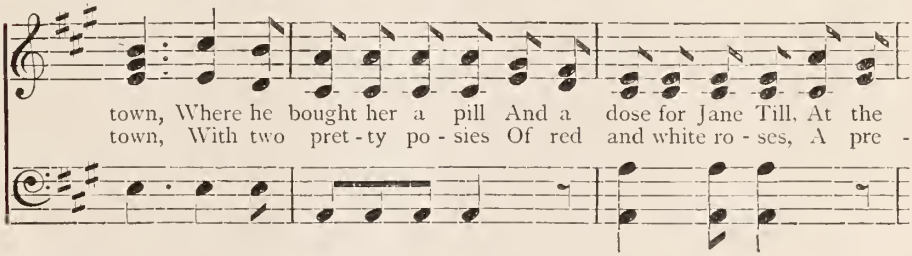
In the stream I wash me
Till my feathers shine,
Then upon the grass
And daisies fresh I dine.

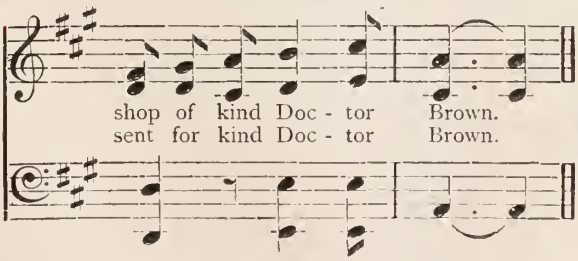
LITTLE JANE TILL.

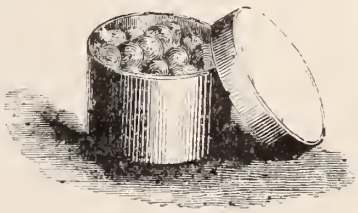
Lively. T. CRAMPTON











Music for the Nursery.—*No. 6.*

LOVE ONE ANOTHER

Dr. GAUNTLETT.

Andante

1. Hush, hush, my dear
2. There's a sweet lit - tle

1. Lu-cy, What! angry with bro - ther? Come, stand close by my side, And
2. verse I should like you to learn; And then you can teach it To your

1. list - en to mother: It pains me so much When your an - ger i
2. playmates in turn; Sweet words from the BOOK For sis - ter and

Ritard.

1. see. For sis - ter and bro - ther Should al - ways a - gree.
2. brother: My dear lit - tle child - ren, "Love one an - o - ther."

Music for the Nursery.—*No. 7.*

CRADLE SONG.

JAMES H. CROXALL.

1. Rock, ba - by dear, in thy
cra - dle so snug..... Soft - ly she rocks on the old nursery
rug; Gent - ly she clo - ses her lit - tle blue
eye, Rock - a - bye, ba - by, hush, ba - by! bye, bye!
p
cres.
ritard.
pp
ad lib.

2. Something has roused her! oh, don't make a noise!
Play in the garden, my dear little boys;
See, she has opened her little blue eye;
Hush-a-bye, baby! hush, baby! bye, bye.

3. Now she is sleeping, so quiet and warm!
God watches baby, and shields her from harm
He always sees her, if no one is nigh,
Rock-a-bye, baby! hush, baby! bye, bye.

Music for the Nursery.—*No. 8.*

TIME FLIES.

Lively. T. CRAMPTON.

Six - ty seconds make a minute,
Time for e - ver flies a - way; Six - ty min utes make an hour,
Four and twenty hours a - day. Se-ven days make up one week, Two and fif - ty
weeks a year; Let us, then, not waste the time, God has granted to us here.

Music for the Nursery.—*No. 9.*

CHERRY-RIPE.

With spirit. JAMES H. CROXALL.

1. Buy my cher - ries! buy my
2. Come a - way, my lit - tle

1st voice

2nd voice

1. cherries! Ripe and red, fresh from the tree; Bright as Christmas hol - ly
2. darlings, Buy a pen - ny bunch from me. May your fa - ces, like my

p

Chorus in unison.

1. - ber - ries, Fin - er fruit you ne'er did see!
2. cher - ries, Ev - er fresh and ro - sy be.

ff Cher-ry - ripe! cherry -

Chorus in unison.

ff

Org.

f

f

ripe! Cherry - ripe! Come buy, come buy, come buy!

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 10.

BABY AND RATTLE.

Rather slowly. HENRY LAHEE.

p
1. Lit - tle dar - ling ba - - by, Can - not stand or walk, Can - not nurse the kit - ten, Can - not sing or talk.
2. Can - not dress a dol - - ly, Can - not walk down stairs, Can - not put her socks on, Can - not say her prayers.
3. Soon I'll sing be - - side her On her lit - tle bed, While the sweet bells tin - kle, Of her co - ral red.

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 11.

CLAP, CLAP ALL TOGETHER.

With much spirit. DR. GAUNTLETT.

Clap, clap, clap all to - ge - ther,
Clap, clap, clap a - way; This is the way we ex - er - cise, and
have a lit - tle play. Twist, twist, twist all to - ge-ther, Twist, twist, twist a -
- way, This is the way we ex - er-cise, and have a lit - tle play.

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 12.

GLORY TO GOD.

T. E. PERKINS.

1. Merry, mer-ry chim-ing bells,
2. In a man-ger, far a - way,
3. Born to die for you and me,
1. Steal - ing o'er the si - lent dells, Hap - py news their mu - sic tells,
2. Once the in - fant Sa - viour lay, He was born on Christ - mas day,
3. Born to set the cap - tive free; Pro - phets longed his birth to see,
Glo - ry in the high - est, Glo - ry in the high - est.

4.

With the bells that sweetly chime,
Soon shall every heathen clime,
Hail the happy Christmas time,
Glory in the highest.

5.

Let the joyful echo fly,
Angels sing and earth reply,
Glory be to God on high,
Glory in the highest

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 13.

COCK-A-DOO-DLE-DOO.

Gaily. HENRY LAHEE.

1. Cock - a - doo - dle, cock - a - doo - dle,
2. I like to hear you crow - ing at the
3. You are a faith - ful guar - dian of your

1. Cock - a - doo - dle - doo, As you strut a -
2. dawn - ing of the day, For then I know that
3. hens and chick - ens too, As you lead them

1. - bout the yard, Ve - ry proud are you.
2. gloom - y night Is fly - ing fast a - way.
3. through the yard, Fine Cock - a - doo - dle - doo.

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 14.

THE DAIRY-MAID'S SONG.

F. Taylor Piggott.

1. The mer - ry milk - maid
2. Some in - to cheese we'll
1. see, Comes trip - ping o'er the lea, With milk so white, In
2. make, And some in pud - dings bake, And some when churn'd, To
1. cans so bright, All rea - dy for our tea .....
2. butter turn'd, With our nice bread we'll take.....

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 15.

THE ROBIN'S NEST.

Allegretto. DR. GAUNTLETT.

1. Two rob - in red - breasts built their nests With -
2. One day, the sun was warm and bright, And
3. I know a child, and who she is I'll

1. in a hol - low tree; The hen sat qui - et - ly at home, The
2. shin - ing in the sky; Cock - rob - in said, "My lit - tle dears, 'Tis
3. tell you by and bye, When mo - ther says, "Do this or that," She

1. male sang mer - ri - ly; And all the lit - tle ro - bins said, Wee,
2. time you learned to fly;" And all the lit - tle young-ones said, "I'll
3. says, "What for?" and "Why?" She'd be a bet - ter child by far, If

cres. *Rit. a'd.*

1. wee, wee, wee, wee, wee. And all the lit - tle rob-ins said, Wee, wee, wee, wee, wee, wee.
2. try, I'll try, I'll try." And all the lit - tle young ones said, "I'll try, I'll try, I'll try."
3. she would say, "I'll try." She'd be a bet - ter child by far, If she would say, "I'll try."

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 16.

JENNY WREN.

Allegretto. DR. GAUNTLETT.

1. Here is lit - tle Kit - ty Wren,
2. You hear her in the au - tumn, When

1. Some folks call her Jen - ny,
2. leaves are fall - ing down.....

1. Though she is so small a bird, She is kind as a - - ny. Through
2. And the swallows all have flown From the coun-try and the town. And

cres.

2. Spring and Sum - mer wea - ther You hear her tune - ful call, As she
3. in the Win - ter wea - ther Her song is sweet and clear; So

1. pops a - bout the hedge - row, And hops a - long the wall.
2. Kit - ty, though so ve - ry small, Is yet to me most dear.

Music for the Nursery,—*No.* 17.

THE BEES.

T. Crampton.

mf

1. When the morn - ing sun is red,
2. Then of all these sweets a share,

1. Then the bees get out of bed;
2. Home un - to their hives they bear;

f

Far a - cross the
Where they fold their

1. fields they roam,
2. wings to rest,

p

Of - ten ma - ny miles from home.
When the sun sinks in the west.

f

1. From the ro - se's dew - y cup,
2. *First* they work, and *then* they play,

And a hun - dred flow'rs they sup.
So are hap - py all the day.

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 18.

THE LITTLE TITMICE.

Lively. T. CRAMPTON.

mf.

1. Up - on the boughs two Tit-mice sat, And held a lov - ing, qui - et chat: "Dear
2. "Where shall we go to build our nest? Say, in what spot would you like best? Shall

p

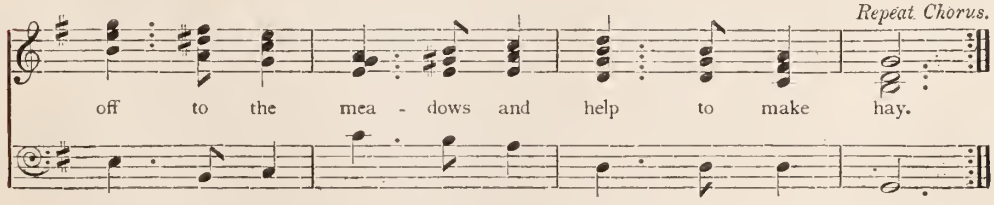
1. wife," said Tom, "the snow is past, And gent - le Spring has come at last,
2. it be in the pine tree high?" "Nay in the rose," was her re - ply; "Nay gen - tle Spring has come at last."
in the rose," was her re - ply.

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 19.

HAYMAKING.

Allegretto. JAMES H. CROXALL.

1st and 2nd Trebles.



Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 20.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

T. Crampton.

1. On - ly a lit - tle lamb! But
2. Thy love is like sun - light To

1. Thou dost care for me; In Thy great flock, dear Lord, I ev - er safe shall be.
2. show my pathway home, Safe to that bless-ed heav'n Whence I can ne - ver roam.

1. Thy ten - der care shall lead Me thro' the toils of day; Thy gen-tle hand will
2. Here, for life's lit - tle day, My Com-forter Thou'lt be, Till end-less joys are

1. soothe, And wipe my tears a - way.
2. mine, Dear Lord, in heav'n with Thee.

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 21

FANNY AND TOM.

Lively, mf T. Crampton.

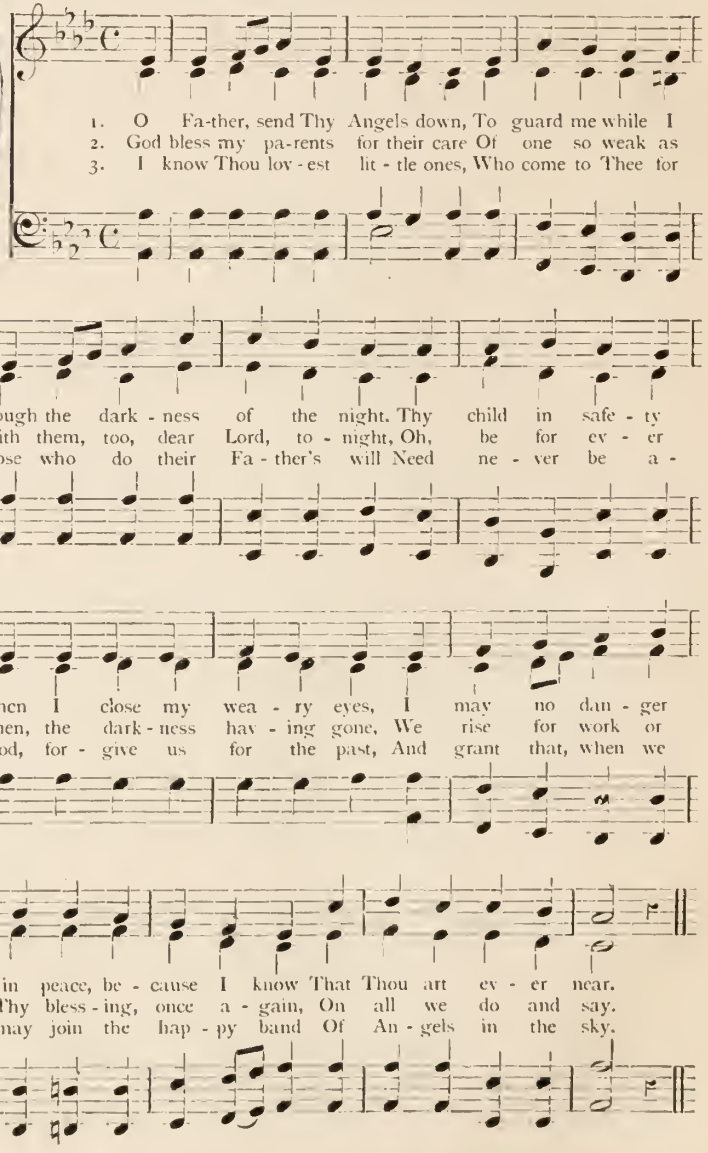
1. Fan-ny wants her breakfast, And Tom does too, I
2. Pus - sy, I for- give you; You ne-ver have been
1. think; I'll give them each a slice of bread, Sopp'd
2. taught To wait so ve - ry pa-tient - ly, But

p
f
p
1. in some nice warm milk. See, Fan-ny waits quite pa - tient-ly, But Tom cries out *mew,*
2. Fan-ny knows she ought. She is so good and gen - tle, And ne - ver does she
1. *mew!* I think he's not so well - be - hav'd As Fan - ny is, do you?
2. tease; So, Tom-my, you must try to be Like Fan - ny, if you please.

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 22.

CHILD'S EVENING PRAYER.

Words and Music by CHARLES LAWRENCE, Pontypool.


1. O Fa-ther, send Thy Angels down, To guard me while I
2. God bless my pa-rents for their care Of one so weak as
3. I know Thou lov-est lit-tle ones, Who come to Thee for
1. sleep; And, through the dark-ness of the night. Thy child in safe-ty
2. I; Be with them, too, dear Lord, to-night, Oh, be for ev-er
3. aid; And those who do their Fa-ther's will Need ne-ver be a-
1. keep; That, when I close my wea-ry eyes, I may no dan-ger
2. nigh! And when, the dark-ness hav-ing gone, We rise for work or
3. fraid. O God, for-give us for the past, And grant that, when we
1. fear; But rest in peace, be-cause I know That Thou art ev-er near.
2. play, We'll ask Thy bless-ing, once a-gain, On all we do and say.
3. die, We, too, may join the hap-py band Of An-gels in the sky.

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 23.

WHAT SHALL I BUY WITH MY PENNY?

Words from "Rhymes Worth Remembering." *Music by* Dr. H. T. Leslie.

Lively, with eager expression.

1. What shall I buy with my pen - ny, Pa - pa?
2. But no, I won't thus spend my pen - ny, Pa - pa;

1. What shall I buy with my pen - ny? A bun or a tart, A
2. No, I won't thus spend my pen - ny; That beg - gar boy there, So

1. wag - gon or cart, Some mar - bles, a top, Some
2. hun - gry and bare, I'll buy him, in - stead, A

1. nice lol - li - pop,— What shall I buy with my pen - ny?
2. good slice of bread— That's what I'll do with my pen - ny.

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 24.

CHRIST WAS BORN IN BETHLEHEM.

1. Christ was born in Beth - le - hem, Christ was born in Beth - le - hem,
2. By the Jews was cru - ci - fied, By the Jews was cru - ci - fied,
1. Christ was born in Beth - le - hem, And in a man - ger lay.
2. By the Jews was cru - ci - fied, And nail'd up - on the cross.
1. And in a man-ger lay, Christ was born in Beth-le-hem, And in a man-ger lay.
2. And nail'd up-on the cross, By the Jews was cru - ci-fied, And nail'd up-on the cross.

3. Then His body Joseph begged,
And laid it in a tomb.

4. Weeping Mary early came
Her loving Lord to see.

5. To that tomb an angel came
And rolled the stone away.

6. Shout, oh shout the victory!
We're on our journey home.

From "Songs of Gladness."

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 25.

THE LITTLE BIRD IN WINTER.

T. CRAMPTON.

1. I can see you, lit - tle bird,
2. Men do say you pick their wheat;
3. Yet you seem an ho - nest bird,

1. For your chirp I plain - ly heard. Tell me, did you mean to say, "Give me some-thing
2. That their peas and plums you eat; That you pick, with sel - fish care, All the best ones
3. (Do not fret at what I've heard), Now no plums nor peas you eat, Now you can - not

p

1. this cold day." That I will, and plen - ty, too; All these seeds I've kept for you;
2. for your share. Oh, what tales I hear of you! Chirp, and tell me, are they true?
3. pick the wheat. So I will not try to know What you did so long a - go.

cres. *f*

1. Come and get them; here's a treat! I will wait and see you eat.
2. Rob - bing all the sum - mer long, Don't you think it ve - ry wrong?
3. There's your break - fast; eat a - way! Come and see me ev' - ry day.

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 26.

WINTER FLOWERS.

CROCUS.

With expression.

JAMES H. CROXALL.

1. Wel-come, cro - cus, snow-drop, too, Oh! the pret - ty flow'rs, Com - ing in the win - ter time, To tell of sun - ny hours.
2. Wel-come, lit - tle flow'rs of gold, Wel - come, snow-drops white, Ye have e - ver been to me A plea - sure and de - light.

1. While the trees are leaf - less, While the earth is bare,
2. Com - ing in the win - ter time, Of sun - ny hours to tell,

1. Cro - cus bright and snow-drop white, Spring up here and there.
2. Speak-ing to our hearts of Him, Who do - eth all things well.

SNOWDROP.

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 27.

I WANT TO BE WITH JESUS.

1. I want to be with Je - sus, And
2. I ne - ver should be wea - ry, Nor
1. with the an - gels stand, A crown up - on my fore-head, A harp with-in my hand;
2. e - ver shed a tear, Nor e - ver know a sor - row, Nor e - ver feel a fear;
1. There, right be - fore my Sa - viour, So glo - rious and so bright, I'd
2. But bless - ed, pure, and ho - ly, I'd dwell in Je - sus' sight, And
1. wake the sweet - est mu - sic, And praise Him day and night.
2. with ten thou - sand thou - sands Praise Him both day and night.

3.

I know I'm weak and sinful,
But Jesus will forgive;
For many little children
Have gone to heaven to live.
Dear Saviour, when I languish,
And lay me down to die,
Oh, send a shining angel
To bear me to the sky.

4.

Yes, there I'll be with Jesus,
And with the angels stand,
A crown upon my forehead,
A harp within my hand;
And there before my Saviour,
So glorious and so bright,
I'll join the heavenly music,
And praise Him day and night.

AN APRIL SONG.

Andante. T. CRAMPTON.

mf

1. Sweet A - pril comes with ear - ly flow'rs, And buds of ten - der
2. The chil-dren, tir'd of win - ter hours, Are glad once more to

1. green, And though she brings us fre-quent show'rs, The sun-shine smiles be - tween.
2. rove, And fill their a - prons with the flow'rs Of way-side, bank, or grove.

f *p* *mf*

1. The birds are sing - ing as they build The bud - ding boughs a - mong; And
2. As hap - py as the soar - ing lark They ca - rol to the sun, And

1. ev' - ry thing with joy is fill'd With beau - ty and with song.
2. with the ten - der, play - ful lambs, A - mong the dai - sies run.

Music for the Nursery.—*No. 29.*

THE BIRD'S PETITION.

Dr. H. T. Leslie.

Very smoothly.

1. Oh stay your hand, my
2. My lit - tle ones, my
1. lit - tle boy, And do not rob my nest; . . . Why
2. hope and pride, Have not yet learn'd to fly, . . . And
1. should you, for a mo - ment's joy, My hap - py brood mo - lest?
2. if you take them from my side They soon will pine and die.

3.

Think, gentle boy, what you would feel,
And your dear mother too,
If to your bed some thief should steal,
And hurry off with you?

4.

Oh, do not, do not climb the tree,
To spoil our nest so warm,
For you, indeed, must cruel be
If you would do us harm.

5.

Return, then, to your happy home,
And be it happy long;
And to your window I will come,
And thank you with a song.

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 30.

MY SISTER!

HENRY LAHEE.

Cheerfully.

mf
1. Who at my side was
2. Who taught me how to
mf
1. e - ver near? Who was my play - mate ma - ny a year?
2. name each flow'r That grows in lane or gar - - den bow'r,
f
ff
1. Who lov'd me with a love sin - cere? My sis - ter! my sis - ter!
2. Tell - ing of God's al - migh - ty pow'r? My sis - ter! my sis - ter!
f
ff

3.

Who join'd with me each day in pray'r,
To thank God for His loving care;
Who in my hymns of praise would share?
My sister!

4.

When sometimes sick I lay in bed,
Who laid her head against my head,
And of my loving Saviour read?
My sister!

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 31.

MY SAVIOUR DEAR!

Words by PALGRAVE. Music by T. E. PERKINS.

1. Thou that once on mother's knee
2. Be be - side me in the light,
3. Thou art near me when I pray,
1. Wert a lit - tle child like me, When I wake or go to bed, Lay Thy hand a -
2. Close be - side me all the night; Make me gen - tle, kind, and true, Do what mo-ther
3. Tho' Thou art so far a - way; Thou my lit - tle hymn wilt hear, Je - sus Christ, my
1. - bout my head; Let me feel Thee ve - ry near, Je - sus Christ, my Sa - viour dear.
2. bids me do. Help and cheer me when I fret, And for - give when I for - get.
3. Sa - viour dear. Thou that once on mo-ther's knee Wert a lit - tle child like me.

HARVEST HOME!

Allegretto. Staccato. JAMES H. CROXALL.

1. Now the har-vest-time is done, In the west the
2. Soon the frost-y winds will blow, Soon the fields be

1. Au-tumn sun Shines up-on the reap-ers gay, As they farm-wards
2. white with snow; Yet shall Win-ter pass a-way, Spring re-sume its

1. take their way, Sing-ing loud be-hind the wain, La-den with the
2. gen-tle sway; Sum-mer next, and then once more, Au-tumn spread its

ff Unison. Ritardando.

1. gold-en grain.
2. gold-en store.

} Har-vest Home! Har-vest Home! Har-vest Home!

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 33.

THE SQUIRREL.

T. CRAMPTON.

1. Pret-ty lit-tle squir-rel, Danc-ing in a tree,
2. I've a lit-tle squir-rel, Not cag'd up—oh no!
1. Ac-tive as a lit-tle bird, Bu-sy as a bee— What can he be do-ing
2. Wher-e'er he likes to wan-der, Free-ly he can go. Climb-ing up the pop-lar,
1. All the sum-mer day? Eat-ing, sleep-ing, jump-ing, leap-ing, Stow-ing nuts a way.
2. 'Neath the fern at play, Springing, cling-ing, run-ning, swing-ing On some slen-der spray.

3.

Bobby has his snug home
  In a tall fir tree;
He's very shy with strangers,
  But he's tame with me:
Coming when I call him
  To the garden-seat;
Waiting, watching, till I find him
  Something nice to eat.

4.

God, who teaches squirrels
  What they ought to do,
Will, if we but ask of Him,
  Help and guide us too.
Let us seek His blessing,
  Strive to do His will,
And obeying, serving, praying,
  Love and trust Him still.

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 34.

JESUS, TENDER SAVIOUR.

"Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners."—1 Tim. i. 15.

H. N. WHITNEY.

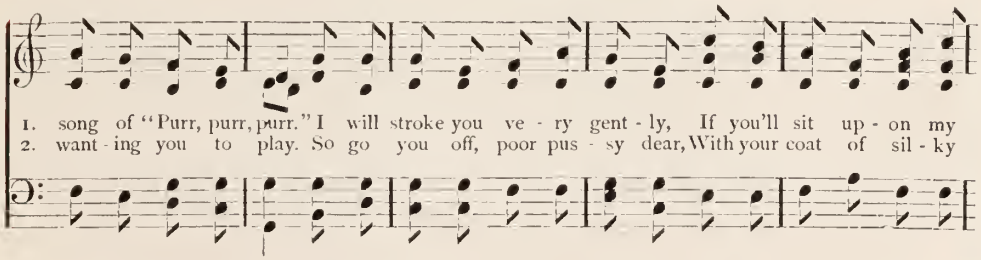
1. Je - sus, ten - der Sa - viour, Hast Thou died for me? Make me ve - ry thank - ful In my heart to Thee.
2. Now I know Thou lov - est, And dost plead for me, Make me ve - ry thank - ful In my pray'rs to Thee.
1. When the sad, sad sto - ry Of Thy grief I read,
2. Soon, I hope, in glo - ry, At Thy side to stand:
1. Make me ve - ry sor - - - ry For my sins in - deed.
2. Make me fit to meet Thee In that hap - py land.

From "Songs of Salvation."

PRETTY, PRETTY PUSSY!

JAMES H. GROXALL.

1. pus - sy, With your coat of soft, warm fur, How loud - ly you are sing - ing Your
2. tight - ly, As you do not wish to stay; For p'rhaps your ba - by kit - ties Are


1. song of "Purr, purr, purr." I will stroke you ve - ry gent - ly, If you'll sit up - on my
2. want - ing you to play. So go you off, poor pus - sy dear, With your coat of sil - ky

1. knee, And you shall ne - ver, ne - ver know What cross words are from me.
2. fur, And teach your ba - by kit - tens three Your pret - ty song, "Purr, purr."

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 36.

ROBIN AND THE CRUMBS.

Moderato. T. CRAMPTON.

Lit- tle child- ren must not waste The
crumbs of bread, tho' small; Pret-ty Ro - bin Red-breast will be thank -ful for them all.
p
He will hop a - round your win - dow, When the win - ter's nigh;
f
You may see his grate - ful plea - sure In his spark - ling eye.

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 37.

THE WINTER ROSE.

Andante. T. CRAMPTON.

p
1. All the trees are leaf - less,
2. When the spring comes, bring - ing
3. I have brought you wa - ter,
1. And the north-wind roars; I've one lit - tle rose-bush That I keep in-doors.
2. Pinks and vio - lets blue, You'll be scarce - ly need - ed; Now's the time for you.
3. Set you in the light, Kept a fire to make you Warm e - nough at night:
1. Close be - side my win - dow, In a box it grows,
2. Now when all a - round us Lie the drift - ed snows,
3. You've been kind - ly tend ed, Ev' - ry bo - dy knows.
f
Rose - bush, rose - bush, won't you Give to me a rose?
f

4.—Ah! I see a tiny
Bud upon your bough;
There's a pretty blossom
Growing for me now.

Thank you, little rose-bush,
Now, before it blows,
Thank you, little rose-bush,
For the coming rose.

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 38.

A CHILD'S LOVE.

Sweetly. JAMES H. CROXALL.

I love my own dear sis - ter, And
lit - tle bro - ther too; I love pa - pa, I love mam - ma, And, aun - ty, I love
you! But One I love more dear - ly, With love be - yond the
rest— JE - SUS, who liv'd and died for me; Oh, yes, I love HIM best!

THE MORNING BRIGHT.

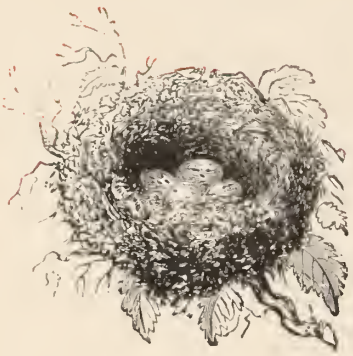
Music by the Rev. A. TAYLOR.

1. The morn-ing bright, with rosy light, Has
2. All thro' the day I humbly pray, Be
3. Oh, make Thy rest with - in my breast, Great

1. wak'd me from my sleep; Fa - ther, I own, Thy
2. Thou my guard and guide; My sins for - give, and
3. Spi - rit of all grace; Make me like Thee, then

1. love a - lone Thy lit - tle one doth keep.
2. let me live, Blest Je - sus, near Thy side.
3. shall I be Pre - par'd to see Thy face.

THE BIRD'S-NEST.



Words and Music by CHARLES LAWRENCE, Pontypool.

Lively. *mf*

1. Pret - ty lit - tle bird's - nest, Co - zy, snug, and warm,
2. Let the pret - ty blue eggs Lie with - in the nest;
3. Pret - ty lit - tle bird's - nest, In the haw-thorn tree;

Ne - ver shall our fin - gers Do thee a - ny harm!
While the pa - tient bir - die Warms them 'neath her breast;
He, who could de - stroy thee, Must un - feel - ing be!

cres. *dim.*

f

1. For the skil - ful build - ers, With their beaks a - lone,
2. Till the ti - ny fledg lings Peep out one by one,
3. Thou shalt be pro - tect - ed, Till the time may come,

Built thee with such pa - tience,
Shel - ter'd by their mo - ther
When the lit - tle nest - lings

p

For their lit - tle home, For their lit - tle home.
From wind, and rain, and sun, From wind, and rain, and sun.
No long - er want a home, No long - er want a home.

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 41.

THE BRIGHT MONTH OF MAY.

Cheerfully. T. CRAMPTON.

f
1. Month of May, mild and clear, Glad the day
2. Sun - ny hours now un - fold Yel - low flow'rs
p
1. thou art here! We have had heaps of snow;
2. bright as gold; In the grass we shall meet
f
1. I am glad to see it go, I am glad to see it go.
2. As we pass the clo - ver sweet, As we pass the clo - ver sweet.

3.

Happy birds on the wing,
Flocks and herds hail the Spring;
All day long we may hear
Robin's voice sound far and near.

4.

Girls and boys, shall not we
In our joys grateful be?
Yes, we'll all loudly sing
Praise to Him who made the Spring.

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 42.

CRADLE SONG.

T. E. Perkins.

1. O, lit - tle child! lie still and sleep;
2. O, lit - tle child! be still and rest;
1. Je - sus is near, Thou need'st not fear; No one need fear whom
2. He sweet - ly sleeps Whom Je - sus keeps, And in the morn - ing
1. God doth keep By day or night, By day or night;
2. wake so blest, His child to be, His child to be;
1. Then lay thee down in slum - ber deep Till morn - ing light, Till morn - ing light.
2. Love ev' - ry one, but love Him best, He first lov'd thee, He first lov'd thee.

3.—O, little child! when thou must die,
Fear nothing then,
But say, "Amen"
To God's command, and quiet lie
In His kind hand,
Till He shall say, "Dear child, come, fly,
To heav'n's bright land."

4.—Then, when thy work on earth is done,
Thou shalt ascend
To meet thy Friend:
Jesus the little child will own,
Safe at His side;
And thou shalt live before the throne,
Because He died.

LITTLE THINGS.

Moderato Grazioso. T. CRAMPTON.

mf

1. "I'll hie me down to yon - der bank," A
2. "I may not lin - ger," said the brook, "But

1. lit - tle rain - drop said— "And try to cheer that lone - ly flow'r, And
2. rip - ple on my way, And help the rills and ri - vers all To

1. cool its mos - sy bed. Per - haps the breeze will chide me, Be -
2. make the o - cean spray." "And I must haste to la - bour," Re -

f

1. - cause I am so small, But sure - ly I must do my best, For there is work for all."
2. - plied the bu - sy bee; "The sum - mer days are long and bright, And there is work for me."

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 44.

WE ARE LITTLE TRAVELLERS.

Rev. R. Lowry.

1. We are lit - tle trav'l - lers, March-ing, march - ing,
2. We are lit - tle la - b'rers, Work -ing, work - ing,
1. We are lit - tle trav'l - lers, March - ing on; Walk - ing in the nar - row way,
2. We are lit - tle la - b'rers, Work - ing on; Ne - ver id - ling time a - way,
1. Shun-ning paths that lead a - stray, We are lit - tle trav'l - lers, March - ing on.
2. Bu - sy work - ing ev' - ry day, We are lit - tle la - b'rers, Work - ing on.

3.

We are little soldiers,
Fighting, fighting,
We are little soldiers,
Fighting on;
Warring 'gainst the power of sin,
Foes without and foes within,
We are little soldiers,
Fighting on.

4.

We are little pilgrims,
Hoping, hoping,
We are little pilgrims,
Hoping on;
For a country better far,
Where our crown and kingdom are,
We are little pilgrims,
Hoping on.

From "Royal Diadem."

I AM JESUS' LITTLE FRIEND.

W. H. DOANE.

1. I am Je - sus' lit - tle friend; On His mer-cy I de-pend;
2. Ve - ry young and weak am I, Yet He guides me with His eye;

1. If I try to please Him e' - ver, If I grieve His Spi - rit ne - ver,
2. In a plea - sant path He leads me, With a gen - tle hand He feeds me,

1. Oh, how ve - ry good to me Will my Sa - viour al - ways be!
2. Chides me when I'm do - ing wrong, Lis - tens to my hap - py song.

I am Je - sus' lit - tle friend; On His mer - cy I de - pend.

3.

He is with me all the day,
With me in my busy play;
O'er my waking and my sleeping,
Jesus still a watch is keeping;
I can lay me down and rest,
Sweetly pillowed on His breast.
I am Jesus' little friend;
On His mercy I depend.

4.

I am Jesus' little friend;
On His mercy I depend;
Jesus will forsake me never;
He will keep me safe for ever;
How I wish my heart could be,
Loving Saviour, more like Thee!
I am Jesus' little friend;
On His mercy I depend.

THE WAGTAIL.

T. CRAMPTON.

Once I saw a lit - tle bird Come,
hop, hop, hop; So I said, "My lit - tle bird, Will you stop, stop, stop?"
I went close to the win - dow, To say, "How do you
do?" But he shook his lit - tle tail, And far a - way he flew.

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 47.

GOOSE & GOSLINGS.

Moderato. mf T. CRAMPTON.

1. This is the
2. When the sun
3. Off to the
p
1. goose of her gos - lings so fond, Who are sun - ning them-selves at the
2. sets sound a - sleep they will rest Snug be - neath the soft fea - thers that
3. pond they all go with their mo - ther, Each soft lit - tle gos - ling, each
1. side of the pond. When the winds blow, and when the rains
2. co - ver her breast. When the sun ris - es gold - en and
3. sis - ter and bro-ther; There in the wa - ter swim they with
f
1. fall, Un - der her wings she will ga - ther them all.
2. red, Each lit - tle gos - ling gets up from its bed.
3. fun, Till Jane with meal comes feed - ing ev' - ry one.

From a photograph] [*by Mr. Rejlander.*

WHAT THE STARS SAY.

"He telleth the number of the stars
He calleth them all by their names."

Andante. JAMES H. CROXALL.

p
1. Stars, that on your won - drous way
2. Yes, me - thinks I hear you say,
3. Child, as tru - ly as we roll
1. Tra - vel thro' the even - ing sky, Is there no - thing you can say To such a lit - tle
2. Child of mor - tal race at - tend, While we run our wondrous way; Lis - ten, we would
3. Thro' the dark and dis - tant sky, You have an im - mor - tal soul, Born to live when
f
1. child as I? Tell me, for I long to know, Who has made you spar - kle so?
2. be your friend, Teach-ing you that name di - vine, By whose migh - ty hand we shine.
3. we shall die; Suns and pla - nets pass a - way, Ne - ver can the soul de-cay.

4.
Yes, and God, who bade us roll—
God, who hung us in the sky,
Stoops to watch an infant's soul
With a condescending eye;
And esteems it dearer far,
More in value than a star.

5.
Oh, then, while your breath is given
Pour it out in fervent prayer,
And beseech the God of heaven
To receive your spirit there;
Like a living star to blaze
Ever in your Saviour's praise.

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 49.

GOD MADE ME.

E. Hobart.

Moderate time.

1. My hands are weak, my strength is small, Yet I can seek, and
2. He loves the lit - tle child He made; He keeps me safe through
3. He'll teach me all I need to know; And take me in His

1. I can love, The Lord Al - migh - ty, God of all.
2. all the day, And guards me when in sleep I'm laid.
3. arms on high, When I have liv'd my life be - low.

Music for the Nursery.—*No.* 50.

JESUS, GENTLE SAVIOUR.

Rev. R. Lowry.

1. Je-sus, gen-tle Sa-viour, Hear our ear-nest pray'r: Make these lit - tle chil - dren
2. We are ve - ry hap - py, All the world is fair; Sel - dom do we sor - row,
3. Dear and blessed Sa-viour, Hold our lit - tle hands; Lead us in Thy foot - steps,

1. All Thy con-stant care; Soft - ly shine up - on us, With Thy smile of love;
2. Sel - dom have a care; Yet we would be joy - ous, Did we on - ly know,
3. Heed - ing Thy com - mands; So shall we in glad-ness Spend our earth - ly days,

1. Lead us on our jour - ney To Thy home a - bove.
2. That, when life is end - ed, We to Thee should go.
3. Till Thy voice shall call us Home to sing Thy praise.

Lead us, lead us,

Lead us, gen - tle Sa - viour, Lead us on our jour - ney To Thy home a - bove.